

The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1852.

NUMBER 5.

THE
LANCASTER LEDGER
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY MORNING.

R. S. BAILEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in six months; or Three Dollars, if payment is delayed until the end of the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at seventy-five cents per square of fourteen lines, for the first insertion, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. A single insertion One Dollar. Nothing will be counted less than a square.

Advertisers are requested to state, in writing on their advertisements, the number of times they wish them inserted; or they will be continued in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

SELECTED TALES.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

HAVN'T TIME

AND
DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING ABOUT MY TWO NEIGHBORS.

I have two neighbors, somewhat peculiar in their characters—yet presenting the types of a large class—about whom I am going to tell you something. Their names are Mr. Havn't time, and Mr. Don't be in a hurry. Curious names do you say? Well, only wait until I have told you of their sayings and doings. In ancient times names were given as indicative of some quality of the mind, or in commemoration of some event; and this, because a name signifies (or should signify) quality or character.

Well, the names borne my neighbors signify their qualities of mind. Mr. Havn't time is a man of medium height, with a slender frame, rather thin and pale features, a restless eye, and quick nervous movements. He speaks rapidly, and usually gives his words a strong emphasis. Mr. Havn't time has always a good deal of business on his hands, and, as may be inferred, from the little here said of him is generally in a hurry.

Mr. Don't be in a hurry is as different in appearance as in character from Mr. Havn't time. He is stouter and taller in person with a darker complexion, slower movements, and milder and more placid countenance. His eyes, which are neither leaden nor brilliant, have a musing, dreamy aspect; and, as he often falls into states of abstraction, he has acquired a heavy motion and an occasional fixedness, so to speak, that is quite noticeable. He is rarely excited on any subject, takes little heed to the passing hours, and always thinks there is time enough to accomplish what he is about to do.

Ask Mr. Havn't time, at any period of the day, what o'clock it is, and without looking at his watch, he will tell you within a few minutes. Ask Mr. Don't be in a hurry the same question, and he will say, "About eleven," when it is half past twelve; or "Near one o'clock," when it lacks only a few minutes of two.

When the breakfast bell rings in the morning, Mr. Havn't time, who is already dressed and shaved, and has been walking the floor of the nursery, where his wife is busy dressing the children, starts instantly for the dining room, and, if Mr. Havn't time doesn't follow on the instant, pours out his own coffee, and ten to one, is half through his breakfast before the rest of the family are gathered at the table.

"You must help the children," he will then say to his wife. "I'm in a desperate hurry this morning. Expect two or three customers by eight o'clock—Can't you have breakfast earlier than this?"

And before the others have fairly commenced their meal, up he starts and off he goes to his place of business.

Is it any wonder that Mr. Havn't time is troubled with dyspepsia? Mr. Don't be in a hurry manages altogether differently. He is in no hurry to go to bed, and in quite as little hurry to rise in the morning.

"It's getting late, my dear," Mrs. Don't be in a hurry will say. "Breakfast is nearly ready now, won't you get up?"

"Oh, certainly," replies Mr. Don't be in a hurry—half awake, half sleeping—as he turns over and composes himself for one little nap more.

"But come, my dear, the sun has been up this hour—come!" urges Mrs. Don't be in a hurry.

"Yes, yes—I'll rise soon. There's time enough. The world was not made in a day."

At last the breakfast bell rings. "I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Don't be in a hurry, starting up. "I didn't think it was so late. But, I'll be along in a minute. Don't wait for me. By the time you are fairly at the table, I'll be down."

Mrs. Don't be in a hurry, and the children, who must not be too late to school, are snoring through their morning meal, before Mr. Don't be in a hurry, makes his

appearance in the dining room. His coffee is cold, at which he grumbles a little; but admits his lateness at the table as an excuse. Very leisurely he takes his meal enjoying each morsel with a relish, and when he leaves the table feels very comfortable.

Generally it happens, that Mr. Havn't time gets to his store fully an hour before any customers come in; while Mr. Don't be in a hurry, is usually at his place of business an hour too late.

Last summer these two neighbors of mine took each a pleasure jaunt.

CHAPTER II.

MR. HAVN'T TIME STARTS ON A PLEASURE EXCURSION.

A few days before Mr. Havn't time started, he mentioned his proposed journey to a friend, and, very naturally, in which direction he was going.

"North," replied Mr. Havn't time. "As far as Niagara?" inquired the friend. "Yes, I think of going there."

"How long will you be gone?"

"A couple of weeks," replied Mr. Havn't time.

The friend shook his head. "The period is too short. You'll be in a hurry all the time—fatigue yourself—and see nothing as it ought to be seen."

"A great deal may be seen in a very short time," was answered, "if a man will only spare a couple of weeks."

"You expect to spend a short time in New York?"

"O, certainly," replied Mr. Havn't time. "Heretofore my visits there have been for business purposes alone. And now I am going for pleasure, and shall look up all the lions."

"How long will you stay?"

"A couple of days," said Mr. Havn't time.

The friend shook his head. "You will see nothing in reality."

"Don't you believe it. I see more than most men. I go over a great deal of ground in a short time."

One morning, a day or two after this little interview, Mr. Havn't time arose very early. All the house was stirring soon after, for, at nine o'clock he was to start for New York, and though it was only five, he felt almost certain that breakfast would be too late. When the cook came creeping down from the garret, he met her on the stairs, and said querulously,

"You must hurry with the breakfast, Nancy. I am going to New York this morning."

Nancy, who never liked to be hurried or interfered with, muttered something in return which was not heard by Mr. Havn't time.

"I'll wager ten dollars," said he, on coming back to the chamber from which he had stepped forth to hurry the cook, that Nancy will be an hour later than usual with her breakfast."

"Why do you say that?" asked his wife.

"Oh! because I know she will. I never was in a hurry in my life that something didn't turn up to hinder me. Ten chances to one if the fire isn't out in the range."

Just as Mr. Havn't time said this, the voice of Nancy was heard at the door.

"What is wanted?" asked Mrs. Havn't time.

"Please to give me some money for charcoal. The fire is all out."

"There, didn't I say so!" And Mr. Havn't time began walking nervously about the room.

"Don't worry yourself," said his wife, after she had given Nancy some money for the charcoal. "It's early yet."

"Early! It's nearly six o'clock."

"Not half-past five, as you can see by the clock."

"I'll be six ere the fire is kindled, and dear knows how long after that before breakfast will be ready."

Mrs. Havn't time knew, from long experience, that no good would come of opposing or arguing with her husband, so she let him worry and fume, while she went quietly to the work of washing and dressing the children.

Upstairs and downstairs, from parlor to sitting room, and from sitting room to chamber, wandered Havn't time like a perturbed spirit, and, all because he had taken it into his head that breakfast would be late.

"Foolish man! His trouble was all for nothing. Breakfast was served at half-past seven, the usual hour. Then he poured the hot coffee down his throat, a cup full at a draught, and swallowed his steak and toast in a great, half-chewed mouthful. Long before the rest were done he pushed back his chair, and descended to the parlor to await the hackman who was to convey him and his baggage to the steamboat. The time was a quarter before eight. So there was half an hour to spare, as the hackman had been ordered to be in attendance at a quarter after eight, precisely. Half past eight would have been early enough; but then, should the hackman fail in punctuality, no time would be left in which to call another carriage. Mr. Havn't time, with his usual wise forethought provided for this contingency.

Yes; after all the worry, breakfast was over and there was yet half an hour to spare. The peace of mind and comfort of both himself and family had been disturbed by Mr. Havn't Time, and all because of his impatient temper.

Now, as there was full half an hour to spare, as I have said, it may be supposed that my neighbor spent this time calmly and in pleasant communion with his family, from whom he was about parting for a short season. No such thing. He now began to fret himself lest the hackman would disappoint him. A little while he would sit by the window; then lean out

and look far down the street; next consult his watch; and then take two or three turns across the parlor floor. This was repeated over and over again.

"Sharpen my pencil," said a bright little fellow, clambering on his knee as he sat himself down by the window.

"Havn't time, dear," replied the father coldly replacing the child upon the floor.

"Just look at my doll's new frock," urged another child—"isn't it beautiful!—Mother made it for me!"

"O yes, it's very pretty, no doubt," was answered, "but I havn't time to look at dolls now. Surely that fellow ought to be here."

And again he drew forth his watch.—It was seven minutes past eight.

"If he should disappoint me."

And, in fear that the hackman would not keep his engagement, he spent the next six or seven minutes in a state of nervous impatience—thus making both himself and family very uncomfortable.

At length it was a quarter past eight; but no hackman was at the door.

"Just as I feared," said Mr. Havn't time. "It is too bad! too bad! No faith to be placed in any body."

And off he started to hunt up another hackman. Scarcely had he turned the first corner, ere the carriage waited for so impatiently, drove up.

Full twenty minutes elapsed before the return of Mr. Havn't time with another carriage. He was, of course, excited and unreasonable; and would hear nothing the first hackman had to say. Hurriedly his trunk was taken up, and off he dashed, forgetting, in his excitement and confusion to kiss his wife and children, or even so much as to wave them an adieu.

"Push up your horses, driver, or I will lose my passage," he cried every now and then; but, for all his urging, the driver did not in the least, increase the rate of speed; for he knew that he would be in time.

The first bell was ringing when Mr. Havn't time stepped on board the John Stevens. So he had a quarter of an hour to spare, for all his impatience; and, but for his weak fear that the hackman would not keep his appointment, might have been at the boat much earlier than that would have increased his satisfaction.

No one suffers himself to become excited and unreasonable, without an after-feeling of discomfort. Long after the passengers were on their way to New York, did our friend sit in a dreamy, oppressed state of mind, musing over the incidents of the morning. He felt by no means satisfied with himself. That were impossible under the circumstances; for his own common sense told him that he had acted very foolishly—and no one who has this consciousness can enjoy much self-satisfaction.

CHAPTER III.

MR. HAVN'T-TIME IN NEW YORK.

At two o'clock, Mr. Havn't time arrived in the city of New York, where he dined in a hurry, and then started forth to see what was to be seen. He had a particular friend, whose store was in Pearl, near Fulton street, to whom he had written of his purpose to spend a few days in New York, and the friend had replied, telling him to be sure and call on him, and he would take pleasure in showing him whatever was notable in the city. This, he had fully intended to do; but as his stay in New York was to be so limited he felt that every moment was of value and must be improved. It seemed like a loss of time to go so far as Pearl street. So without having any distinct object in his mind, he sallied forth, and turning his steps up Broadway, walked at a rapid pace until he reached Union Park. But, though many edifices met his eyes, he remained ignorant of their names or the purposes for which they were erected. From that point he started off, at a venture, towards the East River, and swept around through some of the most unattractive portions of the city. It was sundown when he got back to the hotel, by which time he was suffering from extreme fatigue, and a most distracting headache.

Not having called on his friend for want of time, during the afternoon, it was his purpose to call on him during the evening at his residence. But he felt too unwell after tea, to go out, and so retired to bed, feeling very much dissatisfied with the result of his first day in New York. He laid himself down with wondering, aimlessly, about. What had he seen? Nothing but a great panorama of houses and people. There was scarcely a single distinct image in his mind.

As soon as Mr. Havn't time had hurried through his breakfast on the next morning, he sallied forth to get a more satisfactory view of New York than he had obtained on the previous day. A little experience had made him, temporarily, a little wiser. So although he felt in a hurry, and could almost see the hours sweeping by on rapid wings, he took his way with hasty steps, to Pearl street. It was only half past eight when he arrived at his friend's store; so he was to early for him by at least an hour. If he had called on the afternoon previous, an engagement to meet at a certain hour could have been entered into, and thus this time would have been saved and a disappointment like this prevented.

The best Mr. Havn't time could now do was to leave his address and go back to the hotel. But, the thought of waiting there for a whole hour fretted him exceedingly.

"I shall get to see nothing," said he to himself impatiently. "To-morrow morning I must leave, so only part of a single day remains. O dear! If I had called to see my friend yesterday, how much would have been gained."

How unprofitable are regrets.

With impatient steps did our hero stride to and fro through the entrance of the Astor House, now glancing at the clock, and now turning his eyes to the door as if swung open to admit some new comer.—Even until the hour of ten was this continued, and the face of his friend had not yet gladdened his vision. How restless he had grown!

"I can bear this no longer," he at length exclaimed, mentally, and passing through the door, he was just stepping upon the pavement, with the intention of going somewhere, when he met his friend.

"My dear Mr. Havn't time, how glad I am to see you!" Such was the friend's warm greeting as he seized his hand.—"When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday."

"Ah! Why, then, did not you call around before? If I had seen you the afternoon, I could have so arranged matters as to give you the whole of the day. As it is, I will not now be disengaged until the afternoon. But we will make good use of our time. How long do you remain?"

"Only until to-morrow."

"To-morrow! O dear, no! You mustn't go to-morrow. A week will not be too long to spend here. I want to take you to Greenwood to the High Bridge, over to Staten Island, and to half a dozen other noted places in and around New York. Then there are two or three galleries of paintings in which hours may be spent with true enjoyment."

"Must go to-morrow," was the decided answer.

"Why do you say that?"

"No more time to spare for New York. I am on my way to Niagara, and must return to Philadelphia in two weeks from the day I left home."

"Two weeks! You'll be on the wing the whole time, fatigue yourself, and see little or nothing. Give yourself a longer period."

"Impossible! Must be back in two weeks."

"Stay here a day longer than you propose. I'll give you the whole of to-morrow."

"Havn't time, indeed," was the reply.

"It will be necessary for me to start in the morning, if I would accomplish my journey within the allotted period."

"Won't you remain a few days on your way back," a kind friend.

"Most likely. That, however, will depend on the time left after visiting Niagara."

Again the friend urged Mr. Havn't time to stay a day longer. But he could not be moved from his purpose to leave in the morning. So, an engagement was made for an afternoon ride to Greenwood, as a place well worthy a visit.

It was eleven o'clock when the two men parted. They were to meet again at three. In the interval, Mr. Havn't time proposed to visit the Art-Union Gallery, and another choice collection of pictures; also, to ride out as far as one of the Croton Reservoirs.

First he went to the Art-Union Gallery, where were a number of choice paintings. Here a lover of art might linger and enjoy himself for hours. Mr. Havn't time loved pictures, and had anticipated a good deal of pleasure from visiting the galleries of paintings in New York. At last he was in one of the galleries. The pleasure he had long hoped to enjoy was within his reach. Exquisite works of art were all around him—gems from the pencils of some of the most eminent living artists.

But, Mr. Havn't time, now that the means of enjoyment were in his reach, was in too hurried a state to accept the proffered blessing. He could only glance cursorily around, taking in a glimpse of beauty here and there, but seeing not the real touches of genius in any thing.—Scarcely did he learn the names of pictures over which he might have lingered in pure delight for a long period.

And here, for the present, we will leave my friend. In the next chapter will be related his further efforts to see what was to be seen in and around New York during the brief period he proposed to remain.

A SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.—In Hunt's Merchant's Magazine we find a great deal of practical good sense, but the following advice to young men, which we clip from its pages is particularly excellent:

"Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read the above maxims at least once a week.

Connecticut Story.

The following is related as a fact, having actually happened some years ago in the State of Connecticut:

A man in rather indifferently circumstanced surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat had recourse to a sheep fold of his neighbor (a wealthy farmer) for relief. The neighbor having a flock of sheep did not perceive that he had lost any, until one of the finest of the flock very large and fat, was missing—and counting his sheep found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight he discovered an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, caused by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity to observe the conduct of the person, and to find him out induced him to keep still.

In the flock there was a ram, with whom, it seems, he was in the habit of conversing as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep. "Well, Mr. Ram," said the nocturnal sheep-stealer, "I come to buy another sheep; have you any more to sell?" Upon which he replied all in person of the ram, "Yes, I have sheep to sell." By this time the farmer had discovered him to be one of his neighbors. "What will you take for that large wether?" says the purchaser. "Four dollars," replied Mr. Ram. "That is a very high price," says the man; "but as you are so good as to wait for the pay, I think I will take him."

"Well, Mr. Ram," continued the honest sheep hunter, "let us see how many sheep I have bought of you." "If I am not mistaken, Mr. Ram, this makes the fifth," and then went on to east up the amount of the whole, and giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him good-night; the man led the sheep home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received pay for the whole. A few nights afterwards when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram, tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns, on which he wrote in large letters, "I have come for my pay." Under the line he footed up the whole amount of five sheep, exactly as his neighbor had done, as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house where he tied him near the door; and then went home.

When the neighbor arose in the morning he was not a little surprised to find a sheep tied to his own door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when found that it was the old ram with whom he had lately been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say he obtained the money, and tying it up nicely in the bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home jingling his money, as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

Benefit of Apprenticeship.

There is an important feature in the regulation of a master-mechanic, which is frightful to some kind parent's heart; and that is the five to seven years' apprenticeship the boy who learns a trade must submit to. But it is an excellent discipline. It takes the lad at a critical period of life—when he, perhaps, has a disposition averse to steady employment—when he was inclined to roam at large, amid the contaminating influences about him—and puts him to a steady round of duties—severe, at first, but becoming, from habit, agreeable; and, when his minority expires, his already formed habits of industry are established, and he comes forth a man, the master of a trade, of fixed principles and good habits, a blessing to himself and the community; or at least this ought to be the result of an apprenticeship, where both master and apprentice mutually discharge their duty to each other.

If parents would but look at it aright, they would declare that, had they any sons they should learn trades. Contrast the youth just alluded to with him who, having a horror of apprenticeship, is allowed to roam at large. At the most critical period of life forming habits, he is forming those that are the reverse of industry. He is not fitting himself to be a man, but wearing away his boyhood in idleness. The partial parent sees this, yet has not fortitude to avert it. At twenty-one years of age the first-named lad comes out a good mechanic; it is wonderful if the other has not fastened habits upon him that will be his ruin, if he is not ruined already. More than one excellent man in our community can say with thankfulness, that it turned out so that, to his half-dozen years' apprenticeship, he is indebted for the habits of industry and sobriety he has obtained. That, when he was put to a trade, he was on a pivot as it were. Had it not been for the firmness of his Parents, he likely would have been a ruined lad ere his minority expired. This was the turning point.

THE POWER OF CALM DELIVERY.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit; and adopting a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined in the future to thunder less and lighten more."

BY THE MAILS.

The Late Riot at Cleveland.

For the first time in its history, the City of Cleveland has been disgraced by the presence of a mob, the laws of the State trampled under foot, and the power of the civil authorities for hours set at defiance.

The scene of the mob was the "Mechanics' Block," a large four-story brick building, owned by William Slade, Jr., Esq., and located right in the heart of the City—the three upper stories of which was occupied by the Homopathic College. The facts are simply these: Several months since a Mr. Johnson, of Brooklyn, (a few miles from the City) lost a daughter whose body, it was shortly after ascertained, had been stolen from the grave. Johnson, therefore, came to the City, saw the Professors of both Colleges, who denied all knowledge of the crime, made examinations, and went away without any proof that they were guilty of the crime.

This matter remained until some days since, when part of a human body was found in the cess-pool of the College nearly decomposed. The Professors, upon being notified of the fact denied all participation in the act or knowledge of the person found, and had the remains moved and buried, supposing them to be all that were there.—Subsequently, however, Johnson had them disinterred, and fancied he saw some resemblance to the person of his daughter, though, from their condition, a reasonable degree of certainty was impossible.

Last Monday, the 19th, it was discovered that more remains were in the cess-pool; and about noon the crowd began to gather around the building, most of them drawn together by curiosity. One or two policemen were stationed at the door to prevent any entrance.

About 2 P. M., Johnson, with an axe in his hand, and accompanied by a crowd of twenty or thirty of the vilest looking scoundrels that have thus far cheated the Penitentiary out of its due, came upon the ground and demanded an entrance. This was refused, the guard at the door now being reinforced. He soon beat down the door with his axe, and effected an entrance to the second story.

At the staircase leading to the third and fourth stories, and where all the apparatus, &c., of the College was deposited, the mob was met by some of the Professors and students who held them at bay.

The Mayor and Police finally persuaded Johnson to go to the office of the Dean of the College and arrange for a full search and investigation the next day.

The mob were then persuaded to leave the building, and the Professors and students were requested by the civil authorities to retire also, the assurance being given that they would protect the building and its contents.

At 4 P. M. the building was clear, though the crowd still hung around.—During the afternoon but little damage was done, except breaking three or four windows and the door, but the mob evidently felt its power.

Johnson went to the Dean's office and made the arrangement proposed, but instead of conforming to it, returned to the College together with the mob about 6 1/2 P. M., and insisted that they should search the building then. The police force on duty being utterly inadequate to the defense, finally agreed that Johnson and some of his friends should go through the building and make an examination, the crowd to remain without.

They proceeded to the dissecting room, where the remains of several bodies were found. They also found several limbs, hands, feet, &c.

One of Johnson's friends seized a hand and swore that it was the hand of his daughter, and of this he was confident from some marks that was upon it. A physician present, one of the Committee declared it to be the hand of a man.—Another hand was found, but no marks were to be seen identifying it as the hand of the girl. A foot was also discovered, which Johnson's friend and a ringleader of the mob declared was the girl's foot. The committee then descended the stairs, and Johnson agreed to say to mob that they should go away, and a more full investigation would be had next day.

Instead of saying this, however, he took the hand, and swinging it around, said, "This is my daughter's hand." The mob then became desperately furious, and forcing an entrance, commenced the work of destruction. The windows, nearly sixty, were broken out; the beds and furniture of students destroyed; the chemical apparatus, collection of minerals, museum, valuable anatomical models, &c., broken up and thrown out of the windows and carried away.

For an hour or more the mob had entire possession of the building, and did not retire until they had finished their work. Before leaving they set fire to the building, but it was soon extinguished.

The mob inside the building at no time exceeded one hundred and fifty or two hundred, and there were citizens enough standing around to have crushed them at a single effort.

Thirty bayonets could at any time have quelled the riot, and twenty in the building at 9 o'clock could have guarded both entrances effectually. The building was damaged some \$400, and the College lost in apparatus, &c., destroyed about \$2,000.

THE NEXT MORNING the military were called out, and some thirty arrests made. The accused have been examined, and a part of them identified, and bound over to answer the crime of arson, &c.

It is due to the Faculty to say, that they deny positively that the body of Johnson's daughter was ever in the College, and boldly challenge a full and thorough investigation.

My own impression is, that the Janitor of the institution found it easier to deposit the remains of dissections in the cess-pool than it was to bury them, as the Professors had ordered, and that, without their knowledge, he had for months past been thus disposing of them.

We mourn this evidence of mob spirit in our city but it will be the last time, I apprehend, that such an occurrence will pass with fatal results to the rioters.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

AFFLICTING CALAMITY.—The most heart-rending scene which has ever been our lot to record occurred on Saturday afternoon, about one mile north of this village, nearly on the direct road to Warren's Corners. The dwelling of William Gibson caught fire—himself and wife both being absent—and three only children the oldest five, and the youngest one year old, were smothered to death, before the unhappy father was able to rescue them.

Mrs. Gibson, it appears, was at the barn when the unfortunate affair occurred, rendering some aid to her husband, having but a short time before left her infant asleep in the cradle, and, as we are informed, locked the door, but doubtless with the very best motives.

The terrified parents were the first to arrive at the house. Mr. Gibson, at great hazard of life entered the building while in flames, and handed the bodies of the three children, one at a time, from the window. The distracted mother, frantic from loss of her loved ones, on whom was placed her fondest hopes, seemed determined not to survive them, and was prevented with great difficulty from rushing into the flames to share their fate.

The Medical Reporter of New Jersey states that Dr. E. Buck, of Bridgeton, was present at a post mortem examination in that town, not long since, upon the body of a child which was born alive and of full term, the abdominal muscles and skin of which were wholly wanting, exposing to view, as if by the scapel, the liver and bowels. The breast, arms, and head were largely and well developed, but the spine in the lumbar regions was somewhat deficient, one leg was an exact wing or fin of a turtle,